

Hassan's Memories

The storm brews and the wind howls. My ~~find~~ fingers are frozen in my pockets and I can't imagine what else the rough night will bring. I shut my eyes inhaling the beauty of Pami's music. The clouds disperse giving me a glimpse of the looming moon it reminds me of the nights we would spend staring at the sparkling stars at home.

Me and Yuseff would play football in the dusty streets. The sun beating down on us, and when we got back home, Mama would make us fresh lemonade with lemons from our lemon tree. Cried Ahmed - the school bully - chased me and Yuseff all the way home, wanting his brand new football but Mama gave him what he deserved. But when he joined the soldiers, he had a gun and then he was the one in charge.

My memories surged with anger as the thoughts swelled up inside my head, causing a bitter tear to trickle down my cheek. My reflections are interrupted by Yuseff rubbing me on the back with the same look as he gave the day the soldiers came.

They came late at night asking father and us to join them and when father refused, they held up a gun. We were marched out of the house and I noticed father whispered something in Yuseff's ear that was the last I ever saw of father but, I heard muffled gunfire and shouts from the distance and that was when I knew father sacrificed

himself for us.

The sound of gunshots ring in my head as unwanted
thought race around my brain - but just then an unexpected
wave engulfs the boat bringing me back to reality.

Youssef's Memories

Stuck in the dinghy, in the vast, open ocean, I cuddle my younger brother. Shining brightly, the moon was the only source of light. As we had no destination, no where to go, all we could see was the illuminating moon light. Tightly huddling my brother, a small bitter tear dripped slowly down my face. Reminding me of the time my mama gave me sour lemons.

I played football, on the dirty, dusty streets. Then I ran to my mum and brother as they were making baklava. All I could smell was honey and salt. Smiling happily, my mama told me to go collect some lemons (for some fresh lemonade). The smell of salt...

Sea salt stinging me, I am so cold but I have to smile for Hassan. I can see the worry in Hassan's face as he looked up at the ominous clouds looming. Froth quickly surrounded us as we tried to look for land. The cold, blue sea was covered by fog waiting for its next victim. Looking at Muhammed desperately, I saw lemonade. Lemonade I made with my mum.

I was coming in to the house after seeing Ahmed driving around with a big gun. There were strong, scary men, soldiers I think they were. Marching loudly and strongly, they were asking for all men to join them. My mum gave me lemonade and we ran, me and my brother, the soldiers still marching. Marching on concrete...

No! Not concrete. Thunder rumbles all around us as the memory fades. I cuddle Hassan as we both remember the good times we have had with our parents. A moment of silence begins as we take a sip of our lemonade (the last bottle?).

Hassan's Memories

I stare up at the clouds, although they are barely visible amongst the gloom. As a wave collides with the plastic dinghy, it tears to the side, and, Youssef clings onto the ~~side~~^{border} to stay inside. A storm is brewing. We all knew it; salt spray hits my face, reminding me of home...

I remember playing football in the streets with Youssef, but then Ahmed came. We ran home, terrified. The smell of freshly baked baklava filled the air. Ahmed was bigger than Maman, but she left him terrified, and after that he never picked on us again. Until the soldiers came. Maman packed us some of our favorite lemonade from the tree in the back yard and told us to run. To run as fast as we could, away from here, as far away as we could,...

A crash of thunder sends me jolting back into reality. I realize it's the middle of the night; I check the watch Grandfather gave me before his death. Midnight, I should and get some rest. Some hours later, I am awoken by a crash of thunder. This is nature, it is usually so calm... what is happening to it?

It sends me drifting back in time, back to when we were only children, playing in the valleys and mountains, on one particular day however, we were playing hide and seek with Ahmed, because, once, Ahmed was nice. He was the seeker, and me and Youssef were up in the trees watching him, but he went down to the river and was out of sight. But when he came back, his kind face had turned arrogant, and mean, he just abandoned us there. It sends chills down my spine.

Suddenly, a solitary drop of rain hits my face. It's alone I think, like us. More fall down on us, like tears, I suddenly feel like crying, we've lost everything; our home, our family, our friends. In the distance, I see a shape, a silhouette, hope. I think. Hope in a land of darkness.

Rousseq's Memories

On the burnby unsteady, we are on an a lonely ocean, freezing everyone shivering, quivering. The storm gave the thought of greig in the air. The stars in the night represent the left behind souls from the village. The moon is the one important thing. The clouds break pushed by the wind. Moonlight shines down like it did at home in the evening. I'm slipping from the current state.

Playing in the dusty, rough streets playing football. The sour, spicy lemons coming from the tree in the spacious yard. The sun shining on our bodies, the heat giving positivity. Having fun with my brother was always a delight. Also my mum chasing the bully brings me back.

I'm back in ~~my~~ ^{the} immune boat. We are getting chased like the weak bully. The uneven waves try to attack. The lightning tries to strike us but always miss. A stench of fish comes to my nose smelling like my absolute favourite, it brings me back to the kitchen the smell is spontaneous.

The house smelt like spices. Doing my homework was nicer than now. Smelling the favourite was like smelling fresh fish from the ocean. I frequently had that delightful spice, the flavour was the best.

The big waves bring me back to the unlived present. The wave crashes like the meaningless memories fade. All of the good times are gone out of our subconscious. We don't remember nothing - we can't remember where we live. We are on a boat with our possessions. We don't know anyone except for our diminishing community group.

Youssef's Memories

In the middle of the night in the middle of the ocean ~~the~~ ominous clouds tower us on the tiny boat. The air is bitter and windy, dark and late only lit by the moon. I eat, cold, salt tears glistened ~~only~~ on my face. The story of Rami's music reminded me of home. Home where where once there was no sadness and no tears.

I closed my eyes and there I was playing football on the dusty streets, with my friends, in summer, where the sky was calm and the lemons on the lemon tree were juicy ripe, mum would make lemonade. Our house was filled with scent of honey. Mum would baklava in the morning for the bakery. That was home a safe place. Just at that moment a wave crashes into the boat. The memory fades, bringing to reality.

It started to rain, stinging me with a cold spray. Bashir tugged on my drencher sleeve, wanting to ask a million questions. The clouds covered the moon giving me the a fright. I looked for my coat in my bag, but all I could find was some lemonade, the scent triggered me back to that place at that time...

I remembered a time when we would do our homework waiting for mum to finish cooking. We would beg her to let us lick the bowl with sweet syrup as well as a side of pastries. Our bully "Ahmed" would used to chase us for them because they were so tasty. But mum would chase him home with her shouting ringing in his ~~hair~~ head.

A gunshot rings, scares me, scares the life out of it reminded me of something bringing up some bad memories. I shake my head trying to bang it out, trying to forget; back on the boat.

I couldn't bear the thought. All I have ever loved has gone. A crack of thunder and a beam of lightning hit the ocean making me jump. I squeeze my brother's hand and give a hopeless. I prayed, prayed that our lives before would come back, with no guns, no soldiers but I know deep down that will never come. Maybe it will be easy, easier to fall into despair now than later.

Yousegg's Memories

It is scary out here, on the choppy, stormy sea. The only thing which comforts me is the story in my head whilst grey clouds block all light and warmth. Waves are crashing and smashing in every direction I look. I just want this ever lasting darkness to end. The greening wind is starting to get to me, I feel a shiver down my spine when I think of the fresh lemonade. I am worried. I am scared from top to bottom. I am stuck in a ball in a boat, clutching the rotting wood. My only respite right now is the calming music from Rami.

The shivers take me back to when me and Hassan always went to go and get lemons for mama. She would make some lemonade for us when we get back from playing football under the blazing sun. Also we had to play on a rock hard floor which had been dried up by the sun. The thought of having lemonade after, kept me and Hassan brimming against our friends friends. That was when times were good.

I just sat down on the chair near the table, I call it my chair because I always sit there. Well I shut my eyes and then the cold, fresh wind hit my face I knew I was back. The high waves, look like the big mountains out looking my window but I was not there for long. The sound of the grueling waves ready to go under me woke me up. The sunlight from home changed into dark ominous clouds in seconds. I finally appreciate home and peace.

Heavy drops of rain reminded me of the bullets raining down on us. I did love my bedroom at night when it was raining though. Also the big grey clouds which hovered above us reminded me of home in my bedroom at night as well. I missed the amazing nights. I always had to persuade myself to believe that it would happen again. My thoughts won't leave the soldiers spraying bullets. It was really scary.

I am still feeling scared and this really isn't a safe place to be in. Happiness is no more. I am back, got good. I just stare out to sea, I thought life was back. But no, sadness has finally got to me. My stomach has given up, my whole body has given up. I'm really not feeling so marvellous and mischievous any more. Will it ever be the same? Is there one thing which can get me to sleep? I go try to go to sleep quickly because when I wake up, I hope everything is back or we can see land, but there has not been any luck since we had left home. Please one day, I am hoping everything is ~~it~~ every-thing will be ~~ok~~ everything will be ok.

Youssef's Memories

I perch in the rubber boat, illuminated by the night sky. As the clouds break, two comp combined lights blind me. I realised it was the sun and moon. I gaze the opposite direction to avoid contact. Music surrounds me and the melody takes me back, back long ago.

Our home, gilled with aromatic spices and honey, was a lovely, peaceful place with no bother in the world. My family's lemon tree produced the finest, ripe, lemons in the country and therefore made the sweetest lemonade. The alarmingly cold, salty sea-spray made me jolt in agitation.

What's more, it begins to drizzle and it takes me a few moments to register that I was once again in the ineluctable dinghy, and what seems like an eternity from my imagination. On the horizon, I perceive a busy floating innocently on the surface, reminding me of all those times I played football on the dusty, desolate streets.

It was all very enjoyable, very much indeed. There was one time, I picked a lemon from the nurtured tree, in our garden, and I deeply regret doing so because I had sour eyes for the next two weeks. Additionally, my mum had made an excellent dish, gilled with spices and deliciousness.

I realise my memory of Mum's baklava was mistaken because I actually smelt the food around me in the boat. I feel like all my senses are fading. I conclude that my hearing is alright, though, because an extraordinarily booming thunderbolt which sounded exactly like the gun the neighbourhood bully was equipped with. He stalked all around the streets, terrorising the citizens, which made my father a sacrifice.